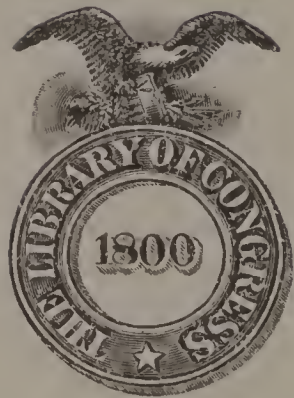




# HONEY POEMS

SARAH A. CHANDLER



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# HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS



# HOMELY POEMS AND OTHERS

BY  
SARAH A. CHANDLER



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To My Son  
WILLIS E. CHANDLER



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# HOMEY POEMS



## HOMEY POEMS

### GRANDMOTHER'S COMPANY CAKE

**D**O you know—I've no use for an angel-cake,  
Lady-finger or macaroon,  
Or any of the fussy, flummery things  
I've made since my honeymoon,  
And I long for a taste of some of the things  
My grandmother used to bake;  
Chief among which, was to me, at least,  
Her old-fashioned company cake.

I can see it now on the pantry-shelf  
Turned upside down to cool:  
The minute 'twas baked, from the pan it came;  
That was my grandmother's rule.  
And ah! what an odor of fruit and spice  
As the pan from the oven she'd take;  
And wasn't it baked a beautiful brown—  
That old-fashioned company cake?

And didn't we children impatiently wait  
For an invitation to tea?  
And did anything ever so tempting appear,  
Or taste quite so good to me?  
And did any of the mothers or uncles or aunts  
Seem more loath than the children, to take  
A second piece when 'twas passed around,  
Of Grandmother's company cake?

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Ah! the years have been many; the dear ones, all  
From the old home nest have flown;  
And the spot made sacred by childish joys,  
To the stranger only, is known.  
But many a time, when an honored guest—  
Of viands rare I partake,  
I think with a sigh, of the good old days,  
And Grandmother's company cake.

## HOMEY POEMS

### SWEET-BRIER

JUST give me the bit o' sweet-brier,  
An' you can have all o' the rest;  
The pinks an' the lilies are pretty,  
But I, somehow, like this the best.  
I haven't seen a sprig o' sweet-brier  
For many and many a year,  
An' it sets me to thinkin'—an' dreamin'—  
Of scenes once familiar an' dear.

There's the road, windin' round by the river;  
An' the old farm-house on the hill;  
The medders, all fresh with the clover,  
An' the swift turnin' wheel at the mill.  
There's the meetin'-house just round the corner,  
With its spire pointin' up to the sky,  
An' the tree-tops a-wavin' about it,  
An' the white clouds a-driftin' by.

I can hear the robins a-twitterin'  
High up in the old elm-tree;  
I can hear the children's voices  
A-shoutin' in childish glee.  
I can hear the honey-bees buzzin'  
As homeward at twilight they go,  
All laden with sweets from the hedges,  
Where the sweet-brier roses grow.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

I can see Matilda—a-standin'

All dressed in her white weddin'-gown;  
Her blue eyes a-sparklin' an' dancin';

Her cheeks like a thistle-burr's down.  
I can see the blushes come stealin'  
All over her face so fair,  
When I told her she was prettier an' sweeter  
Than the sweet-brier rose in her hair.

But there—I'm only a-dreamin'—

For the old place is miles away;  
An' my darlin' has long been dwellin'  
In the city of endless day.

But I'll keep the bit o' sweet-brier,  
An' whenever I see it—'twill be  
Like livin' the old times over;  
A link—'twixt Matilda an' me.



## HOMEY POEMS

### ELIZABETH'S PHILOSOPHY

**M**Y Ma, she said to me one day,  
"Now 'Lizabeth my dear  
I wish you'd get about a bit,  
And not set mopin' here  
As if the best friend that ye had  
Was lyin' under ground;  
There's lots o' cleanin' to be done,  
An' I wish you'd fly around."

"Why Ma!" said I, "'taint Natur'  
This time o' year to hurry;  
Things out o' doors ain't fumin'  
An' all stirred up with worry."  
An' then I opened wide the door  
To let the sunshine in,  
An' says to Ma, "Now you come here  
An' I'll prove I ain't a-jokin'."

"Now just look out a bit an' see  
That green grass there a-growin',  
An' all them little sproutin' things  
A-peepin' up so knowin'.  
An' do you see them trees a-buddin'  
While the wind sings soft an' low?  
Why Ma!—they ain't a-hurryin'—  
They're takin' time—to grow."

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

"All right"—says Ma, "but I guess old Natur'  
Does a little bit o' hurryin',  
When a good smart blizzard comes up quick  
An' sets the snow to scurryin'  
An' the wind a-howlin' at the rate  
O' sixty miles an hour—  
Looks to me like workin' over time,"—  
An' then Ma shut the door.

"Oh well"—said I, "that's Winter,  
When the year is old and gray;  
It's got to do some hurryin'  
'Cause 'taint got long to stay."  
Then Ma—she kind o' hummed a tune,  
An' said this word or two;  
"Wa'l—guess when I was a gal like her,—  
Ma had the heft to do."

## HOMEY POEMS

### SELLING THE OLD THINGS

“I’D like to sell these old things off  
And furnish up with new;  
I’m tired of seeing them around,  
And I’d think that you’d be too.”  
These were the words my sister Ruth  
Surprised me with one day,  
As she gave a sidelong glance at me  
To see what I would say.

I could not think she meant the words;  
’Though since her trip to town,  
Ruth seemed to have high notions  
And very oft would frown  
(When she thought I wasn’t looking,)  
As she glanced about the place,  
And toss her head as though to say  
The rooms were a disgrace.

Of course I had to answer her,  
And then I tried to smile;  
For Ruth had always had her way  
And it wouldn’t be worth while  
To stir up wrath and discontent,  
When only just we two  
Were left of all the family-folk,—  
So what was I to do?

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Yet my heart rebelled; my eyes were dim  
With tears I could not hide;  
It seemed that some unbidden guest  
Was standing by my side  
With hand outstretched, to wrest from me  
My friends of long ago;  
The silent friends—who'd shared with me  
My all of joy and woe.

"Why Ruth!" I said, "you cannot mean—  
What! sell these treasured things?  
Why, think of all they mean to us;  
To each, some memory clings.  
When we were born they welcomed us;  
They were left to you and me,—  
And they're worth a thousand times as much  
As modern things could be."

"There's the rocking-chair ma liked so well,  
In which she always sat;  
And the lady-image with the boy,—  
We surely can't sell that;  
The tall green vases on the shelf;  
The clock against the wall;  
Why Ruth!—if they should go away  
It wouldn't be home at all."

But Ruth just laughed, and said 'twas plain  
I hadn't a bit of style;  
"We'll sell them, every one," said she,  
"And in a little while

## HOMEY POEMS

You'll wonder how I thought of it,  
And say 'twas very strange  
We hadn't decided long before  
To make so wise a change."

So she sent a second-hand man up,  
And we sold them for a song,—  
The dear old things that father bought;  
That mother loved so long.  
And in their places, now I see  
Such pretty things 'tis true,—  
But I somehow can't get used to them  
No matter what I do.

They seem like callers, just come in  
A little while to stay;  
While the home folks have stepped out a bit,  
But won't be long away.  
They're unfamiliar, stiff and prim;  
No answering chord have they  
To the longing feeling in my heart—  
For the old things—cast away.

THE LITTLE HOME THAT'S WAITING

**T**HERE'S a little home that's waiting;  
Awaiting you and me.

It may be in the valley,  
Perhaps beside the sea.  
Or it may be in the city  
With its ceaseless ebb and flow;  
Or in some far-off country  
We've never dreamed to know.

Although I've never seen you,  
And cannot tell your name;  
Nor when—nor where—I'll meet you,  
To me 'tis all the same.  
And every day—I'm dreaming  
Of the time that is to be;  
And the little home that's waiting,  
Awaiting you and me.

THE OLD PEPPER-BOX

THE little tin box with the handle?  
Oh, that is a pepper-box, dear,  
You seldom see one like it nowadays;  
It did service for many a year.  
It belonged to Aunt Susan; and when she died,—  
Among other things 'twas given to me;  
That—was forty-four years ago this Fall  
I think—wait—now let me see.

Yes—that is correct,—I thought I was right,  
Though it seems but yesterday's morn;  
'Twas the year sister Marthy was married,  
And my little Josiah was born.  
Ah! many a time for a plaything  
Has he used this little old box;  
That accounts for its battered condition,  
For it's had some pretty hard knocks.

If that little old box could but speak, my dear,  
What wonderful tales it could tell;  
Of fair young brides; of new born babes;  
And of Death's grim call as well.  
Of bounteous plenty; of pinching want;  
Of laughter, and jest, and song;  
Of countless events, both happy and sad,  
That have strewn the years along.



## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

I always keep it a-standing  
Up there on that top-most shelf—  
With a lot of things that are seldom used,  
And that nobody wants but myself.  
'Twould look pretty shabby beside of the ones  
We use on the table to-day,  
But 'twas just the thing in Aunt Susan's time,  
And for her sake—I'll keep it alway.



## HOMEY POEMS

### THEIR WAY

I KNOW a lot of people,  
    (So does every one no doubt)  
Who are always so peculiar  
    They seem past finding out.  
Kind friends, good neighbors every one;  
    Their place 'twere hard to fill;  
But I cannot understand them,  
    And I guess I never will.

Now this is what I'd told myself  
    A hundred times or more;  
When, one day, I got to thinking  
    (Strange I hadn't long before)  
That, after all, I was, perhaps,  
    As much at fault as they,  
For I'd never recognized the fact  
    That 'twas just—their way.

My neighbor does her house-work  
    In a way that makes me smile;  
She leaves undone the very things  
    That seem to me worth while,  
And spends her time in doing  
    A dozen things each day,  
That I'd think quite superfluous,  
    But then, it's just—her way.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Some people bring us sunshine  
No matter what the weather;  
While others are so grouchy  
They're displeasing altogether.  
And yet, these last, have attributes  
'Twere worth while heed to pay;  
And overlook what we dislike,  
Though we deprecate—their way.

If we could only understand  
That what people say and do  
Is much a matter of temperament,  
And of disposition too,  
We'd be less prone to criticise,  
And far more often say,  
"They're just the nicest kind of folks."  
And never mind—their way.

FATHER'S SQUEAKY BOOTS

I FOUND 'em in an attic-room,  
When rummagin' to-day  
'Mong a lot o' things o' Father's,  
That Mother'd packed away.  
'Tis strange that at the sight o' them  
So foolish I should be,  
When they was always such a trial  
To Mother an' to me.

I've set 'em by his rocking-chair  
Where he took 'em off at night;  
An' I've felt so sort o' chirky-like  
An' happy at the sight:  
An' my mind seems brimmin' over  
With the thoughts that come to me  
'Bout Father's gettin' o' the boots,  
An' all their history.

'Twas in the Spring he bought 'em,  
At the little country store,  
Where he traded off some apples  
(Mostly dried) an' a lot more  
O' things that when he sold  
He traded for our clothes,  
For in them days there wa'n't much cash,  
As everybody knows.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

I never saw so proud a man  
As Father was that day,—  
For he thought he'd got a bargain  
That nobody could gainsay.  
Seemed 's if he'd almost wear 'em out  
A-tryin' of 'em on,  
An' stampin' up and down to show  
How easy they went on.

"Seem's if they're awful squeaky,"  
Mother shouted in his ear,  
For Father'd grown so dreadful deaf  
'Twas hard for him to hear.  
"I can't hear 'em squeak," said Father,  
"An' I don't believe they do,  
An' if they did—I wouldn't mind,  
'Cause folks 'll know they're new."

"'Twouldn't do no harm to grease 'em,"  
Mother ventured then to say;  
"Oh, well, I 'spose," said Father,  
"You women must have your way."  
So he got the bottle o' Castor-Oil  
(We was out o' Sweet jest then)  
An' greased 'em good an' proper,—  
Then put 'em on again.

But it didn't do a mite o' good,—  
They squeaked louder than before;  
An' Mother spent good part o' the day  
A-moppin' up the floor

## HOMEY POEMS

Where Father'd walked from room to room  
A-huntin' up a file,  
He'd used to fix a door-latch with,  
That bothered all the while.

When it come night,—he seemed to find  
So many things to do;  
First, down into the cellar,  
Then up to the garret too;  
Till Mother'd get so nervous  
A-readin' over what she'd read,  
An' there wa'n't no peace nor quiet  
Till 'twas time to go to bed.

Mother set a store by Father,  
But sometimes when he'd say,  
He guessed he'd do some errands,  
But wouldn't be long away,  
She'd heave a sigh, an' somehow look  
So happy an' so bright,  
As if the little rest she'd get,  
Might set her nerves aright.

When he was home he wore 'em,  
'Cause he wanted to break 'em in,  
An' of course he always wore 'em  
To church an' visitin';  
An' I guess them boots was known t' nigh  
'Bout everybody'n town;  
An' some would look so tickled like,  
But more of 'em would frown.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

I guess the preacher was the one  
Who minded 'em the most;  
For he must a-known the point o' his  
Discourse was often lost,  
'Cause when Father passed the plate around,  
Folks couldn't help but smile  
A-hearin' o' them squeaky boots  
Goin' up an' down the aisle.

I never heard much music  
'Cause 'twasn't 'long my line;  
Jest the organ at the meetin'-house  
(That I guess wa'n't over fine;)  
The robins, an' the bluebirds;  
An' when peepin'-hylas came  
An' set up their nightly orgies  
Over an' over jest the same;

Till, one day, a neighbor came to call,  
An' before she left, said she,  
"Miss Johnson, wouldn't you like to go  
An' hear an opery?"  
I told her that I'd like to,—  
For 'tis lonesome now at home;  
Only me an' Nancy, (that's the cat)  
If nobody happens to come.

So she took me to the city;  
Oh! the hall was big and bright;  
'Twas the prettiest sight I ever see,—  
The one I saw that night.



## HOMEY POEMS

Soon the orchestra an' singers  
All come a-filin' in,  
An' we waited for the music  
An' the singin' to begin.

I don't know jest how long it was,—  
But they'd played an' sung awhile;  
When all at once,—seemed jest's if Father  
Was walkin' down the aisle;  
'Twas the squeakin' that a fiddler made  
A-drawin' of his bow;  
I didn't care to hear no more,—  
I was ready then to go.

That's how I come to hunt 'em up,  
Though I hadn't thought o' them for years;  
That's why I sometimes smile a bit,—  
Then find myself in tears,—  
Rememberin' o' their funny squeak,  
Though 'twas raspin' too I know;  
An' all brought back to mind again  
By the squeak o' that fiddle bow.

HER LETTERS

**S**HOULD she chance to be a farmer's  
lass,

And far away from home;  
Lonesome, maybe, just a trifle  
When the evening shadows come;  
Don't forget to send her letters  
That will drive the blues away.  
Tell her all about the happenings  
Of the farm-life, day by day.

Tell her about the last Jones baby,  
If its eyes are blue or brown;  
What father brought the children  
When last he went to town;  
If the oriole's nest's still hanging  
From the elm-bough in the lane.  
If Miss Mirandy's gone this year  
To visit her sister Jane.

What mother had to eat, the day  
The Parson came to tea;  
Who went home with Mary Smith  
The night of the husking-bee;  
If the apple-butter's sweeter  
Than that you made before,  
And what the young man's name is,  
Who's bought the village-store.



## HOMEY POEMS

Never mind about the penmanship,—  
A mis-spelled word or two,  
Or, if the grammar's out of trim,  
If it's the best that you can do.  
'Tis the thoughtfulness that prompts you  
These things to write about,  
That will help dispel her lonesomeness,—  
And bring the sunshine out.

SKIM-MILK AND CREAM

**A** BONNIER girl than Esther  
Ne'er a farmer's boy did wed;  
A girl among a thousand,  
So all the neighbors said.  
And she was strong and willing,  
And glad her place to take  
Beside the man of little means—  
Who had yet his way to make.

As years went on—they prospered;  
And each with the other vied  
In providing for the future day,  
Lest misfortune should betide.  
Yet oft—to Esther's mind, there came  
A vision she scarce dared own;  
Of brighter, happier, sweeter things  
Her life of toil should crown.

She baked and washed and ironed,  
And many a dollar saved,  
While the bank-account grew on apace,—  
And the road to wealth—was paved  
With hours of tedious labor  
And little of gladsome joy,  
For the patient woman—who years before  
Had wed the farmer boy.

## HOMEY POEMS

At last—when Esther passed away,  
'Twas Dora—who took her place;  
A fair young thing, with eyes of blue  
And airs of winsome grace.  
The neighbors, quite indignant were—  
And said, it was a shame  
So old a man as he—should choose  
So young a wife to claim.

Dora—lived a life of luxury  
On what Esther—delved to earn;  
And I—somehow—fell to thinking  
That Life is like a churn;  
For some—it holds rich blessing;  
For others—an empty dream;  
Skim-milk was Esther's portion;  
While Dora's—was full cream.

THE OLD SONGS

I LIKE to hear The Old Songs,—  
They're good enough for me;  
Seems' if I never could get used  
To your new grand opery,  
That goes a pipin' and a trillin'  
Way up and down the scale,  
With words that's hard to understand  
When your hearin's begun to fail.

I guess I'm gettin' childish,  
A bit old-fashioned too,  
Because I like the simple tunes—  
That nobody now calls new.  
They—somehow—seem to carry me back  
To the days when I was young,  
And make me sort o'happy like  
Whenever I hear 'em sung.

I like "The Suwanee River,"  
And "The Marchin' Boys in Blue,"  
And that one—'bout Annie Laurie  
Who gave her promise true.  
There's a deal o' music in 'em,  
And 'twould make my old heart glad—  
To hear 'em sung, as once I did,  
When I was but a lad.

## HOMEY POEMS

I used to sing a bit myself  
When I was in the choir;  
But since my voice has got so weak,  
To try, I've no desire.  
I used to like the hymn tunes  
The very best of all,  
The airs—I've most forgotten now,  
But some of the words recall.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand  
And cast a wistful eye;"  
And that one—'bout "Readin' your title clear  
To mansions in the sky."  
And then, there was another one—  
'Bout "Askin' not to stay;"  
I guess the very first line was—  
"I wouldn't live alway."

The folks that used to sing 'em—  
Have left me, one by one;  
And I am drawin' very near  
To where the rest have gone.  
But when I die—and get to Heaven—  
Where the harps and angels be;  
I hope I'll hear The Old Songs  
Through all eternity.

JUST OIL

OUR old clock went out on a strike one day,  
Just simply refused to run;  
And when I tinkered and fussed with it,  
Ah, then—had my troubles begun.  
When a sudden thought—"how silly," cried I,  
"Of course —'tis the one thing to do."  
Then down went my pliers, screw-driver and all,  
And off for the oil-can I flew.  
Then away it went with its tickety-tock,  
Couldn't ask for a better or steadier clock,  
And all that was needed—its wheels to unlock,  
Was—just oil.

'Twas the very same way with my sewing-machine,  
One day when I started to sew;  
Skipped stitches, and did the most wonderful stunts  
Till I, all out of patience, did grow.  
But, as soon as the oil-can I brought into play,  
Ah, then—'twas a different song;  
No longer my patience was tried with its pranks,  
For blithe as a bird it went humming along;  
Never went better—not even when new;  
Not a skip nor a hitch the afternoon through;  
And all it required—its best work to do,  
Was—just oil.

## HOMEY POEMS

There's many a friction creeps into the home,  
That makes life a burden to bear;  
That robs of the sweetness, contentment and love  
That each of its members should share.  
'Tis foolish to foster a spirit of strife;  
Rather, seek with a purpose serene,  
To banish the trouble, by treating the cause,  
As with the clock and the sewing-machine.  
Then note—with what smoothness the home wheels  
will run—  
From the blush of the morn to the set of the sun;  
For there's nothing more potent—when all's said  
and done,  
Than—just oil.



LONGING

I'M longing,—just a-longing,  
To leave it all—and go  
Back to the farm, and see the folks  
For just a month or so.  
To leave this office, all these books  
A-staring me in the face—  
With hardly a bit of air a-stirring  
Anywhere about the place.  
Away from the city's rush and din,  
To the little country town  
That's nestling in the valley,  
With the green hills looking down.

I want to steal in softly,  
As they're sitting down to tea;  
Maybe they might be thinking,  
And talking a bit 'bout me;  
I long to hear their shouts of joy,  
And see my mother's smile,  
While father says, he's glad I've come,  
And hopes I'll stay awhile.  
And when the meal is over—  
And the prayers have all been said,—  
To talk the town-folks over,  
Who's got married,—who is dead.



## HOMEY POEMS

In the morning, when it's light enough,  
I'll just peek out and see  
If the robin's nest is in the place  
Where it always used to be.  
Then I want to see the blaze of light,  
When the sun begins to rise,  
And wink—and blink—as I used to do,  
Because it hurt my eyes.  
Soon I'll hear the dishes rattling,—  
Mother's step upon the stair,—  
And father's voice a-calling,  
“Anybody awake up there?”

I'm longing of a Sabbath-Day,  
To see old Deacon Rand  
Come slowly walking down the aisle,  
Contribution-box in hand;  
And when he passes it to me—  
Slyly drop a button in,  
And see which boy he'll tackle  
For committing such a sin.  
To see my father try to frown,  
And to say—“It's quite amiss  
For a man of fifty-one,—to do  
Such trifling things as this.”

I'd give so much for just one ride  
Upon a load of hay,  
As the horses slowly jog along  
The hot and dusty way;

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

While over-head, the thunder-clouds  
Are gathering thick and fast,  
And the farmer-boy, says, "Plain to see  
The hot spell's nigh 'bout passed;"  
To feel a little whiff o' wind,—  
And then a good smart breeze—  
That sends the birds a-scurrying,  
And sways the maple trees.

I'm longing for the fragrance  
That the tossing clover sheds;  
For the hollyhocks and tulips  
In my mother's garden-beds;  
The tree-toad's droning plaint at night;  
The robin's song by day,  
And the gurgling stream, that's flowing  
To the ocean far away.  
"An old man's fancy" do you say?  
Well—maybe that is true,  
But I've such a homey feeling  
At the thought of all o' you.

But what's the use o' longing—  
When there's so much work to do?  
Orders piling up so fast, seems ' if  
We never could pull through.  
So good-bye to the dreaming—  
And perhaps,—another year,—  
When summer-time comes 'round again—  
I'll see my way more clear

## HOMEY POEMS

To the home-folks in the valley;  
The birds; the flowers, and trees;—  
But I'm longing,—oh! I'm longing so—  
For a sight of all o' these.

THE LITTLE QUIRL ON THE CRUST

NOW, a piece of pie, if you please, Marie;  
And then—I guess I'm through.  
Your dinner was excellent, my dear,  
As is everything you do:  
Ah, apple-pie! now this is nice—  
And all it lacks, I mistrust,  
To make it taste as mother's did,—  
Is the little quirl on the crust.

What was it like? Well—let me see—  
It looked some like a figure eight;  
Right on the top-most cover,  
Always in the center of the plate.  
I've eaten stacks of pies since then,  
But, to be candid and just,  
None ever taste, quite—as mother's did,—  
With the little quirl on the crust.

I remember, how brother Harry,  
When only a slip of a chap,  
Would tease sister Jane to put by her work,  
And then, would climb into her lap,  
And laugh with delight, when mother would say,—  
“Now sit very quiet you must,  
And I'll give you a piece of the dough, that's left  
From the little quirl on the crust.”

## HOMEY POEMS

Perhaps you'll think I'm foolish, Marie,  
But the tears will come, as I think  
Of the vanished years—and the family-ties—  
Broken, link by link:  
Of happy days when joy was complete,  
Of air-castles crumbled to dust,—  
Since mother made her apple-pies—  
With the little quirl on the crust.

TO LULLABY-TOWN

COME, little Virginia, and sit on my knee,  
And I'll take you to Lullaby-Town;  
The big rocking-chair our good ship shall be,  
All cozy with cushions of down.  
We'll take little Tinkle and old Mother Trot,  
If they'll surely be good and not mew;  
And we'll sing a nice song—as we journey along  
To far-away Lullaby-Town.

Mother robin is guarding her baby-birds all,  
In their cozy and snug little nest;  
While the night-wind is singing a sweet refrain  
As gently she rocks them to rest.  
And out on the hill-side, the lambkins white  
Are safe in the shepherd's care;  
The big Sun declining—will soon cease its shining;  
We must hasten to Lullaby-Town.

The apple-tree blossoms are heavy with dew;  
The crickets are chirping with glee;  
The pansies and lilies have shut up their eyes  
Because they are sleepy, you see;  
And up in the sky, the bright pretty stars  
Come twinkling, one by one;  
And the Man in the Moon—will come pretty soon,  
To guide us to Lullaby-Town.

## HOMEY POEMS

So cuddle up closer and have not a fear;  
Our journey will soon be o'er;  
Already, we're nearing the Island of Rest  
That lies near the Sleepy-Town shore;  
Now, the Moon Man is casting his anchor at last;  
Sailing into the Harbor of Dreams;  
Sleep sweet—little lady, my hushaby baby,—  
We're safe in Lullaby-Town.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1897.



## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

### AS WE JOURNEY ALONG

EVERY seat in the street car was taken;  
In comfort each passenger sat;  
When a little old lady entered,  
Looking helplessly, this way and that,  
For a place she might rest her bundles;  
For the seat that she could not find;  
But nobody seemed to notice,  
And nobody seemed to mind.

When up rose a manly figure;  
And a voice in a courteous tone  
Said, "This way madam, if you please,"  
And a kindly deed was done.  
He wasn't obliged to give up his seat;  
She couldn't expect him to;  
But, somehow—I couldn't help thinking—  
'Twas a nice thing for him to do.

The clerk at the counter looked tired;  
The day had been hard and long;  
And customers many, but few to buy,  
Had passed her aisle along.  
And the few who bought were exacting,  
And never a word said they  
To the tired girl at the counter,  
That might lighten the tedious day.



## HOMEY POEMS

When along came a sweet-faced woman  
Who, in a most sisterly way  
To the girl who stood at the counter, said,  
“And how are you to-day?  
You’re always so helpful and thoughtful,—  
’Tis a pleasure to trade with you;”  
So she scattered her bit of sunshine;  
’Twas a gracious thing to do.

An old man stood long and pondered—  
As to whether or not he should try  
To cross o’er the crowded highway,  
As the whizzing cars went by.  
When a young girl stopped in passing,—  
“Won’t you take my arm?” said she,  
And before the old man could thank her,  
Safe across the street was he.

He turned the leaves of the hymn book,  
But the hymn he could not find,—  
When a lady leaned forward, and whispered—  
“We’ll change books if you do not mind.”  
So the stranger was happy a-singing;  
Through the lines a sweet melody rung;  
’Twas one of the hymns of his childhood;  
’Twas a hymn that his mother had sung.

Now these are but just a few samples  
Of the good that we daily may do,  
If our hearts are but ready and willing;  
If to dictates of kindness we’re true.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

And 'twill add to our stock of contentment;  
'Twill the largest of dividends pay;  
The helpful suggestion,—the word of good  
cheer,—  
As we journey along on our way.

## HOMEY POEMS

### THE KITCHEN STOVE

**Y**OU'LL find many people its praises to sing,  
Though with faults it most surely is blest;  
And I sometimes have wondered, which side would  
win out  
If the problem was put to the test.

Not the pleasantest task on a cold winter's morn,  
When the mercury touches low mark,  
To anxiously wait for the clock to strike six  
And then—to crawl out in the dark.

The kitchen is cold, and you wonder out loud  
Why they built it to face north-west;  
You conclude it's a question no answer can solve,  
And then set to work with a zest.

You can't shake the grate—for it's broken one side,  
So the shovel you bring into play;  
You scoop out the ashes and cinders, the while  
A few sharp remarks you essay.

You hunt for the poker and lifter, to find  
They're lying on top of the stove;  
The climax is reached—you decide then and there,  
Through the Southland next winter you'll rove.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

But these are all worries that soon you forget  
When the fire burns up bright and clear,  
And the odor of breakfast comes stealing anon  
Your ruffled up spirits to cheer.

'Tis certain the gas-range will do the same work,  
And with it the stove can't compare  
As to fashion and style, but something it lacks;  
It's fine—but it isn't all there.

'Tis the homey condition it lacks, and you miss  
The feeling it fails to inspire  
Of content, satisfaction, yes, sentiment too,  
That's a part of the stove and the fire.

A trusty old friend is The Kitchen Stove;  
A companion that's served you quite well;  
It radiates warmth and a spirit of cheer,  
That worry and sadness dispel.

Be it dull and old-fashioned—or shiny and new;—  
The kitchen will not be the same,  
Should you ever decide to install in its place  
Some rival—whatever its fame.

## HOMEY POEMS

### THE SISTERS

**P**OLLY was called a beauty,—  
    'Tis certain she was fair.  
Bright and sparkling were her eyes  
    And sunny was her hair.  
And she was over witty,—  
    People often told her so;  
And compliments were many  
    Wherever she might go.

Quite the opposite was Betsey,—  
    No winning charms had she  
Of face, or form, or comeliness,  
    As every one could see.  
And all decried her lack of skill  
    For witty things to say.  
Of compliments, she never dreamed;  
    None ever came her way.

Polly's dainty frills and ruffles  
    Were the envy of the town.  
Out of place did Betsey look  
    In other than plainest gown.  
Yet not an envious thought had she  
    Of Polly's charm and grace;  
Nor ever showed by slightest sign,  
    Desire to fill her place.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

But—sometimes—when admiring friends  
On Polly would bestow  
Some beauteous gift of flowers rare,  
(And oft it happened so,)  
The hungry look in Betsey's eyes  
Was piteous to behold;  
'Twas the longing—that just such as these,—  
Her own hands might enfold.

But Polly—all unheeding,—  
Ne'er thought her flowers to share,  
Till she missed the ministration  
Of her sister's love and care.  
Now,—Betsey's grave is bright with flowers  
That Polly brings each day;  
But, I wish she might have had them  
Before she passed away.

MY NEIGHBOR AND I

**M**Y neighbor's house is very grand—  
Set high upon a hill;  
And round about, broad acres stretch,  
Their master to view, at will.  
In Summer's sun—or Winter's snow  
'Tis wondrous fair to see;—  
My neighbor's house, with its ivied walls  
And its air of luxury.

My little cot is old and plain—  
Of beauty it has none;  
Such a tiny bit of land have I—  
Near the road its boundaries run.  
No ivied walls or flowers rare  
E'er graced my simple plot;  
Save—violet blue, or daffodil,—  
Or shy forget-me-not.

And yet—I've seen my neighbor halt,—  
As he's been passing by  
This homely little place of mine,  
And gaze with wistful eye  
At the waving branches of my Elm;  
My big, old stately tree  
That's stood like sentinel on guard,  
For full a century.



## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

And so—although my house is small,—  
Of worldly stores I've none;  
And though my neighbor's house is grand  
And wealth by him's been won;  
I cannot help but pity him,  
For I know he envies me  
The treasure that his gold can't buy,—  
My cherished old Elm-tree.



## HOMEY POEMS

### COMPARISON

TWO back-yards, with a fence between;  
A gate ajar—o'er which two dames  
Are in friendly chat indulging.

The weather, and the joys and ills  
Of neighbors, one and all  
Have been discussed, till they, at last  
To reminiscence fall.  
They talk of friends who once were dear,  
Now numbered with the dead;  
Of childish sports; of youthful pranks,  
In which 'twas they that led;  
Of sons and daughters, long since gone  
From out the old home nest,  
And which of them that married,  
Had seemed to do the best.

When up spoke one—"I've got so old  
My sands o' life's 'most run.  
It makes me tired to think about  
The work that I have done.  
My organs all has got so weak  
An' nigh about give out.  
I aint got no ambition now  
Anything to go about.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Ther' aint much use o' livin'—  
When your time's so short as mine;  
I somehow feel—as if I'm goin'  
Into sort of a decline."

"Pshaw!" the other quick replied,  
"What foolish things you say!  
If I was young like you," said she,  
"I'd start right in to-day  
An' build an ell on to my house,  
An' furnish it all new;  
I'd visit all my relatives—  
Some's in Californy, too;  
I'd dress me in the latest style,  
An' have a bran new bunnit  
With lots o' flowers an' ribbons,  
Or, maybe, a feather on it;  
I wouldn't mope an' wonder  
How long I'd got to stay,  
But I'd join in all the doin's;  
Have a good time every day."

"If I was young, like you," said she,  
"That's just what I would do;  
'Tis me—that's old—I'm eighty-five;  
You're only—seventy-two."

## HOMEY POEMS

### THE STEPS

**Y**OU think it's old and shabby,  
And wonder why I care  
To clutter up the house with things  
Like this, that can't compare  
With the kind that nowadays, is bought  
At so very small a cost,  
And if 'twas yours, you'd hope, some day—  
To find that it was lost.

Well—you see—you do not understand  
Its preciousness to me.  
I hope you've time to stop a bit,  
And I'll give its history.  
I do not wonder that you smile,  
And think it very queer  
I keep the old step-ladder,  
And always standing here.

'Twas made by father's father,  
Of wood from a hickory-tree  
That stood on the farm for many a year,—  
Fully a century.  
And ofttimes, when a little girl,  
I've heard my father say,—  
'Twas grandpa's gift to grandma  
Upon their wedding-day.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

When grandpa died, 'twas 'mong the things  
That fell to father's share  
Of household goods, from off the farm—  
No longer needed there.  
And to him I know 'twas dearer  
Than all else the farm possessed;  
This homely old step-ladder  
That was spurned by all the rest.

He always nicknamed it—The Steps;  
Never called it by its name;  
And on a jog near the entry door,  
For years it held a claim.  
Other kitchen things were moved about,  
As often is the case,  
But unless in use,—The Steps—you'd find  
In its accustomed place.

Few were the household duties  
In which it did not share;  
As it travelled on its weekly round  
From cellar to garret stair.  
And few the family festivals  
That its praises wasn't sung,  
When 'twas time to put the fixin's up,  
Or the holly wreaths were hung.

With added years, and failing strength,  
My father seemed to grow  
More childish in his love for this  
Old relic of long ago.

## HOMEY POEMS

And I was the one to whom he liked  
To talk about it best,  
For I was more like father's folks  
Than were any of the rest.

As we girls grew up and married,—  
Father told us each, to take  
Some household thing we'd like to have,  
Just for the old home's sake;  
And each girl was delighted,  
And knew her choice was best,  
And thought herself quite lucky  
'Twasn't taken by one of the rest.

A set of dishes—Ellen took,  
Sent to Mother from abroad;  
While the high post bedstead—Mary chose,  
And Ruth—the harpsichord.  
And when Rebecca came to go,  
She took the dear old clock  
That for over sixty years, had been  
A part of the family stock.

And as my wedding-day approached,  
My father said to me,  
"The choicest things are gone, Jane,  
As you cannot help but see:  
But I hope there's something that you'll prize,  
And whatever you may find—  
Don't hesitate to take it, dear,  
For fear that I will mind."

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

The look upon my father's face  
His utmost love expressed;  
He knew I'd never had a fear  
My choice would tempt the rest.  
And when I told him—that The Steps—  
Was the gift that I would gain,  
He clasped my hand,—and simply said,  
“I thought 'twould be so, Jane.”

I could not think of taking it  
So long as father stayed;  
And the old step-ladder knew no home,  
Save the one it long had made  
In the jog beside the entry door,  
Where it held its kingly sway  
Till, with the summer's glory  
Father passed from earth away.

The last time father used The Steps—  
Was a day in early June;  
He fixed the wood-house roof that leaked,  
Then said,—he guessed he'd prune  
The lilacs that were growing rank  
Beside the garden wall,  
And tie the grape-vine up a bit,  
'Cause 'twould help it in the Fall.

And when the work was finished quite,  
We two sat down to rest  
Near a spot that father often chose  
Because it faced the West.



## HOMEY POEMS

And ah—the blessed memory  
Of that summer afternoon,  
That, with the shadows lengthening  
Was ended all too soon.

I hope—that somehow—father knows  
That on his burial-day,  
'Twas The Steps—that held the beauteous  
blooms  
That close beside him lay;  
That on the round, where years before  
His father carved his name,  
Fresh leaves from off the hickory-tree  
To loyalty made claim.

I know it's crude and homely,  
Pathetic, in the way  
It lacks for all that recommends  
The step-ladder of to-day.  
But tangled in my heart-strings—  
With memories sweet to me—  
Is this dear old relic father loved,  
Made from the hickory-tree.

MY TOAD

**A** LITTLE toad appeared one day  
In my garden's choicest spot;  
And lived there quite contentedly  
As though I saw him not.  
I thought him ugly, sometimes  
Even poked him, just for fun;  
But he seemed to take no notice—  
And just stayed on and on.

But, when I found my posy-beds  
Quite rid of every pest  
I'd labored long to banish  
And its ravages arrest,—  
I welcomed him with gladness,  
And very soon—I grew  
To like that homely little toad  
For the good that he could do.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE

“O H girls! do look! did ever you see  
Such a baby in all creation?”  
Thus cried one, as the five fluttered in  
At the noisy Railway Station.  
“Can’t we hold her a minute? Oh, you cute  
little thing.”  
“Just hear her laugh and coo.”  
“Has her dot any toosies in her dear ’ittle  
mouf?”  
“Did you ever see eyes so blue?”  
“And look at the ringlets all over her head.”  
“Isn’t she sweet as she can be?”  
“Well, bye-bye, little baby, for here comes  
the train,  
And we musn’t be late, you see.”  
“Oh! wait just a minute till we find out  
her name,  
And we’ll give her a kiss and be gone.”  
Then baby’s mamma smiled a queer little  
smile,  
As sweetly she answered—“It’s John.”

MY PICTURE-GALLERY

A PICTURE-GALLERY is mine, from which  
great pleasure I derive;

Nor ever tire the contemplation of its treasures rare.

Yet strange to say, nor nearest kin, nor dearest friend  
Can access gain to this enchanted spot.

None other than myself may enter there.

But I, at will, at morning, noon, or when the even-  
ing shadows fall,

Or e'en when midnight stillness all the earth enfolds,  
May roam alone—my picture-gallery through.

And there are pictures there of every type and kind.  
Some scenes so beautiful, I many times return to feast  
upon their loveliness.

But here and there, I suddenly come face to face with  
one I fain would pass,

But so appealingly for recognition it implores,  
With bated breath—I answer to its call.

My portraits—(how fondly I recall each well remem-  
bered face!)

Some beaming with the ecstasy of youth,  
Others on which the lines of age have fallen;  
My kin—my friends—of now and yesterdays.

## HOMEY POEMS

And there are landscape scenes on which I dearly  
love to dwell;  
Of rugged mountain peaks, all wreathed in snow;  
Of palms and orange-groves where southern breezes  
blow;  
Of placid lakes, reflecting sunset's gold;  
And rolling surf that ocean's joys unfold.  
How each familiar spot a smile provokes,  
At thought of happy hours, when we two tarried  
there.

And there are scenes that breathe of home and child-  
hood hours.

And one—to which I turn more often than the rest.  
A plain old-fashioned house and front door-yard  
With grassy bank, whose lower edge a picket-fence  
adorns.

A poplar-tree, 'neath which a swing-board dangles;  
And a willow-tree, whose sweeping branches hide  
and seek with sunbeams play.

A pole, on which a bird-house perches, in which the  
bluebirds nest each Spring.

And at its foot, an elderberry-bush; (strange how it  
ever happened there)

A lilac-bush or two, and a flowering-currant with  
Its yellow blossoms and later, berries black.

'Tween windows that eastward look, a trailing bush  
Of roses red (tacked on with bits of tape)

A touch of color gives to the plain old house that's  
painted white.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

This little scene I seldom view in daylight's glare;  
But when the twilight shadows fall,  
And all is still save cricket's chirp or late bird's call,  
'Tis then sweet peace I find in its perusal.  
For where to one is first revealed the light of day,  
Is hallowed ground, toward which one ever turns with  
loving loyalty.

My Memory pictures—safe guarded within my heart;  
And Time—the artist—has drawn his inspiration  
from the years.

September, 1919.

A BIT OF GOLDENROD

JUST a bit of Goldenrod, by the way-side growing;  
Dainty as a fairy arrayed in hues of gold;  
Its pretty head a-nodding with every breeze that's  
blowing;  
But not a passer-by, its beauty doth behold.

Yet stay! adown the road a little maid comes flying;  
With eyes like stars in heaven's diadem;  
'Tis the one wee bit of Goldenrod the little one is  
spying;  
And soon her chubby hands have plucked it from  
its stem.

Long years have passed,—and Autumn winds are  
sighing  
Above a little form that lies beneath the sod;  
And safe among a mother's rare and costly treasures  
lying,  
Is one wee bit of faded Goldenrod.

AT LILAC TIME

I KNOW a garden where some Lilacs grow;  
 Not in the country near a farm-house door  
 Where Lilacs are so wont to grow,  
 But in a city door-yard small of space,  
 A picket-fence between them and the road,  
 That serves as barrier, to careless, thieving hands.  
 Time was, when they were beautiful indeed;  
 But that was long ago—when I, a little girl  
 Oft passed them on my way to school.  
 Tall bushes then they were, that to my childish, eager  
     eyes  
 Seemed ever giving me some new surprise.  
 I loved the fragrant blossoms, and I longed to clasp  
     them in my hands,—  
 But dared not beg so great a privilege.

'Tis many a year since then, but when—  
 At Lilac Time—I suddenly come face to face  
 With a bush of the dear familiar blooms,  
 The years roll back,—and in my place, there stands  
 A curly-headed girl on way to school,  
 And all the old sensations of delight are mine.



THE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS

THREE photographs,—two somewhat worn and  
Faded with the years, the other of more recent  
date,—

Upon my desk before me lie.  
From 'mong the many of family, kin and friends,  
These three hold honored place.

The first,—a boy of three; with curls of gold,  
And big brown eyes, that into mine look question-  
ingly.

At sight of the pictured face, what memories  
Of yesterdays long past are brought to mind.  
Again we two are in a vine-clad cottage far away;  
'Tis the twilight hour; save where dusky  
Shadows lie, the room is bathed in ruddy glow,  
As blazing logs heaped high, their radiance throw  
o'er all the scene.

The musical creak of the low rocking-chair as softly  
to and fro we sway;  
The rhythmical tick of the cuckoo-clock as  
It ticks the hours away;—these sounds I seem to  
hear.

Save for "The Fat Boy Book" and little Jim,  
(Jim was the worsted sailor boy; of the little  
One with curls of gold, the pride and joy,) the play-  
things all are put away.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

From the window we watch the town lights till darkness falls.

The bed-time stories then are told;

The Fat Boy's adventures read, re-read and explained;

Till, as the village clock peals out the hour of eight,

The curly head has drooped upon my shoulder,

And with Sailor Jim clutched tightly in hand,

The boy of three has drifted away to the Island of Dreams.

This second picture of my three,—reveals a boy of six.

The curls are gone, but the same brown eyes into mine look trustingly.

How well I mind that little suit of gray,

For long I labored in its fashioning, and

With each stitch a thought of love and pride was woven.

His first school days, and that first primer,

(Gingham covered, upon whose pages here and there

A pencil drawing, crude, 'tis true, is sketched,)

I well remember.

'Mong treasured things of past years, this book, a cherished memento lies.

A manly lad, affectionate and kind, was this little boy of six.

And this,—is the one of more recent date;

The last of my photographs three.

Pictured here, I see the counterpart of one

For whom each day my heart gives thanks;



## HOMEY POEMS

From whose eyes looking fondly into mine,  
I read naught but love and devotion.  
My loyal counselor, my comrade in life's vicissitudes,  
And sharer in all that makes for it its comfort and  
content.

Three photographs upon my desk before me lie.  
The little one with curls of gold;  
The brown-eyed boy of six;  
The stalwart man in whom I find such wealth of  
happiness;  
You ask me which I love the best!  
I'm sure I cannot tell;  
For each the other two portrays, and in the three  
I see but one—my son.

February, 1919.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

### IN THE FIRELIGHT

**S**ITTIN' in the firelight; kind o' dreamin' like;—  
While ghostly shadows flit upon the wall.  
Seein' in the cracklin' blaze  
Visions of the happy days;  
Longin'—for a time that's past recall.

Listenin' to the patter of the rain upon the roof,  
And the music of the chill wind's dreary moan.  
Hearin' voices sweet and low;  
Hearin' footsteps come and go;—  
Startin' up—to find I'm all alone.

Hummin' softly to myself one o' the dear old tunes,  
While tear-drops from my eyelids gently fall.  
Chokin' down a weary sigh,  
As the hours go slowly by,  
And the shadows dance and flit upon the wall.

CONTENTMENT

S AID the Sunflower, to the Violet,  
"How lonely you must be,  
Away down there so near the ground,  
With nothing much to see;  
Just look at me—how tall I am,—  
How stately and how grand;  
How you can ever happy be,  
I don't quite understand."

"Ah, me!" replied the Violet,  
"You've made a great mistake;  
For I was just a-wondering,  
How very much 'twould take  
To tempt me to change places,  
With one who must be sad;  
Because, though clothed in beauty,  
He yet no fragrance had."

Not all may be a Sunflower,—  
Nor yet, a Violet sweet;  
But each may find Contentment,  
If not happiness complete;  
And what one lacks,—another, may  
To the web of life supply.  
Perhaps, you—are the Sunflower,  
The modest Violet,—I.



## POEMS OF OCCASION



## RHODE ISLAND'S INDEPENDENCE HALL

Read at a meeting of the Rhode Island Citizens' Historical Association held in the old State House, Providence, Rhode Island, May 4, 1909. In commemoration of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Anniversary of Rhode Island's Independence Day.

Old State House built 1761.

**D**O you know that beautiful legend  
Of the King and the Princess fair?  
She dwelt in the sunny Southland;  
His home was the wild beast's lair.  
All Nature trembled before him;  
And shrank from the grasp of his hand;  
And chafed at the wide desolation  
His presence spread over the land.

But there came a day when the Princess,  
In her garments of silvery sheen,  
Flung wide o'er the desolate landscape  
Her mantle of emerald green.  
With her magical wand she loosened  
The grasp of the pitiless King;  
All Nature burst forth into singing,  
For Winter had yielded to Spring.

One hundred and thirty-three years ago,  
We were held in the grasp of a hand  
That destroyed, instead of protected,  
The God-given rights of our land;

Whose acts of despotic oppression,  
In patriot hearts left a sting  
That rankled, because of injustice  
Meted out by a pitiless King.

Not for long, could the crown of Great Britain  
Regardless of compact and right,  
Compel this patriot people  
To submit to its power and might;  
There came a day, when its bondage  
Should oppress them, never again;  
Not through the wand of a Princess,  
But by the stroke of a pen.

When the sun shone out o'er the city  
That eventful morning in May,  
There seemed nothing to mark it so different  
From many another May-day.  
Birds caroling their songs from the tree-tops;  
The sweet-scented breath of the morn,—  
Gave not a hint that Rhode Island's  
Most illustrious day had been born.

Yet this day of all others, was destined  
To make for this brave state a name;  
To give her an honor peculiar;  
A glory none other may claim;  
To strike from her shoulders oppression,  
And all that its bondage had wrought,  
And substitute freedom of action,  
Which long her brave townsmen had sought.



## POEMS OF OCCASION

In this old State Capitol building;  
In this hall where we've gathered to-day;  
Our own Declaration of Freedom  
Was launched on its peace-giving way.  
'Twas our own little state that declared it;  
The first in all this broad land,  
To openly bid bold defiance  
To a King's despotic command.

We know that we have the distinction  
Of being the smallest state;  
And we may be a trifle old-fashioned;  
In all things not quite up to date.  
Is it true that the wealth of a jewel  
Is valued because of its size?  
Do the largest flowers in our garden-beds  
Most appeal to admiring eyes?

Do you think that the little violet  
In its modest garb of blue,  
Would exchange its native sweetness  
For the sunflower's gaudy hue?  
Do you fancy that little Rhode Island  
Would exchange her memories sweet  
For an empire's boasted glory,  
Though willingly laid at her feet?

Go ask of the murmuring waters  
Where the Gaspee met her fate;  
Or the whispering pines in the church-yard  
Where lie our heroes of state.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Or list for your echoing answer  
From the walls of this Temple of Fame;  
Emblazoned with burning and eloquent words  
That immortalized many a name.

No need for us to distinguish  
Ourselves by such deeds as did they,  
When they met in this old "Independence Hall"  
That eventful Fourth day of May;  
The hated yoke of oppression,  
Long since has crumbled to dust;  
And bitterness, born of tyrannical rule  
Given place to freedom and trust.

They played well their part in life's drama;  
Their stage of action, was bright  
With deeds of true loving devotion,  
That made for justice and right;  
Soon for them life's stage work was ended;  
Its shifting scenes knew them no more;  
And the final drop of the curtain,  
Closed to them life's mystical door.

All honor to the name of Jefferson;  
Of Hancock and Adams and Lee;  
And all of the great compatriots  
Whose act made a great nation free;  
But reverently, this day, do we gather  
To honor the names of our own;  
And with music, with rhyme, and with story,  
Perpetuate deeds they have done.

## POEMS OF OCCASION

And somehow, I cannot help thinking,  
If unrolled was the scroll of fame,  
And our eager eyes were permitted to scan  
Each honored, illustrious name,  
"Little Rhody's" would not be missing;  
But would stand out clear and bright  
With that of Jonathan Arnold,  
Whose pen declared for the right.

The names of our heroes are many;  
Too many to give in my rhyme;  
But their deeds, their words, and their virtues,  
Are enshrined in our hearts for all time.  
We'll bring each an offering of Rosemary sweet;  
And our garlands of pure Immortelle;  
And we'll scatter them here—"for remembrance"—  
As our story of freedom we tell.

And long—may this quaint old State House,  
Each recurring Fourth day of May,  
Tell to resident, pilgrim and stranger  
Why we honor this place, and this day.  
And soon speed the time when in letters of gold  
That no power shall ever recall,  
We may read, high up o'er its doorway,  
"Rhode Island's Independence Hall."

WOMEN'S CLUBS

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

THE club of the Past,—perhaps 'twas not quite  
Like the woman's club of To-day,  
But so far as its purpose and aim was concerned,  
It was not so far out of the way.  
Its membership—lacking in numbers, 'tis true,  
Yet strove with a will, to perform  
The limited work which its hands found to do,  
And ever to duty conform.

The place of its meeting:—in fancy, I see  
An old-fashioned house on a hill;  
With a garden, whose riotous color of bloom  
Seems with fragrance the senses to fill.  
And peeping inside through the half open blind  
Of the best sitting-room, I behold  
That a club is in session,—maybe twenty or so  
Of women,—some young and some old.

In quaint-fashioned garb of both pattern and make,  
But with faces as bright as the day,  
They stitch—and they talk—till one hardly can tell  
Whether gossip or business holds sway.

## POEMS OF OCCASION

I judge that the minister's wife takes the lead,  
By the trust that her counsel inspires,  
But as for Board of Directors—each one takes a  
hand,  
Whenever occasion requires.

Several mottoes I see hanging high on the wall,  
In frame-work of rustic design;  
And an old-fashioned vase filled with violets blue,  
Of its flower and color give sign.  
Its name—is so simple, that never a time  
For a change to a better they see;  
Perhaps you have guessed, and I need not explain,—  
'Tis the old village church Sewing-bee.

It is little they know of the Arts or the Crafts;  
And the words, "Civil Service Reform,"  
Would savor of Greek to these primitive minds,  
As devoid of all meaning or form.  
But the subjects "Home Economics" and "Health"  
Are familiar as nursery-rhyme  
To this quaint little circle,—this club of the Past,—  
The club of our grandmother's time.

Like an army, well drilled in the tactics of war,  
Stands the woman's club of To-day;  
Yet ever with weapons of peace and good-will  
Her soldiers must enter the fray.  
"We battle 'gainst Ignorance, Folly and Sin,"  
Is inscribed on her banner unfurled:  
The improvement of woman's condition, her cause:  
Her field is the home of the world.



## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Would it savor of unseemly pride, if just here  
We allude in a casual way,  
To our own "Mothers' Club," which seemeth to us  
A fair sample of club life to-day?  
Its President, officers, and each member as well,  
All alive to the needs of the hour;  
And working in line with the Infinite Love  
Which alone is her secret of power.

"Concentration, Charity, Cheer," are the words  
Of the motto inscribed on her page.  
What three could she choose, to more clearly express  
The spirit and trend of the age?  
Philanthropy, Science, Education and Health,  
All have on her program a place;  
No subject too broad her attention to hold,  
Too deep for her courage to face.

Always willing to strive,—never satisfied quite  
With her work, be it ne'er so well done;  
Forever with eyes looking upward, she longs  
And dreams of a goal to be won;  
Where woman, not only may argue—but act—  
On the problems so near to her heart;  
Where, in every great issue pertaining to home,  
She may have her own integral part.

The club of the Future—what seer can foretell  
The treasures your storehouse may yield,  
When opened to view by the swift going years  
Your mysteries all are revealed;

## POEMS OF OCCASION

What questions of import, now puzzling the mind,  
Shall find in the simplest of ways—  
An answer to suit the most sceptical mind,  
Unthought—and undreamed—in these days.

As a tapestry, rich in its color and design,  
Slowly grows to its final effect,  
Through the hands of the artist, well trained in the  
skill  
That has taken them years to perfect;—  
So the club of the Future, well rounded at last,  
Shall stand in its power sublime,  
As the work of not one—but of many brave hearts,  
Since the club of our grandmothers' time.

The club of the Past—whose members have long  
Been chanting the heavenly song;  
The club of the Present—now doing its work  
As it journeys the pathway along;  
The club of the Future—still shrouded in mist  
By the hand of the fates yet unriven,  
Which one of the three,—shall be able to say,  
“To me only—the glory be given?”

---

Written for the Annual Luncheon  
of the Providence Mothers' Club  
February 9, 1914.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

### TO GEORGE C. SIMMONS

On his Eightieth Birthday Anniversary  
January 16, 1914.

ALL hail! to our host of the evening;  
Our time honored friend of the years;  
To whom, with glad hearts we pay homage  
Unrivalled by lords or by peers;  
To whose welcome our hearts are responding  
With a gratitude great as our love,  
That eighty long years in their fullness  
Have been granted to him from above.

'Twas not in the time of the roses  
That his eyes opened first to the light;  
But when Winter had thrown o'er the landscape  
Her mantle of glittering white;  
Yet the love that awaited his coming,  
Knew neither December nor May;  
It has followed him all through his journey,  
And illumines this happy birthday.

Not all has been sunshine and gladness,  
For the clouds must come,—and the rain;  
And many a time of rejoicing  
Has been shadowed by sorrow and pain.  
And sometimes,—the feet that were weary  
Have faltered, perhaps, by the way;  
For eighty long years are so many,—  
To travel life's rugged highway.



## POEMS OF OCCASION

How blest is this sweet reuniting  
Of kinship and friends tried and true;  
This season of fond retrospection;  
This blending of old times with new.  
How scenes long forgotten come stealing  
O'er senses made glad by the hour,—  
As sweet as the bird note at evening,  
Or the perfume distilled from a flower.

'Tis a time for rejoicing and feasting;  
'Tis a time to be happy and free;  
For the hand-clasp and brotherly greeting  
That's extended to you and to me;  
For the good-will that finds its expression  
Not only in word but in deed;  
For the love and the friendship, that only  
Can spring from sincerity's seed.

Yet, we cannot forget in our gladness  
That loved and invisible throng,  
Who, united in spirit triumphant,  
Are chanting the heavenly song.  
And may we not fancy, that somewhere—  
Perhaps it may be very near,—  
Unseen—but not lost—do they linger,  
And alike bless our smile and our tear.

The veil 'twixt the present and future  
We have not the power to rend;  
But whatever our lot, we'll accept it  
And faithfully strive to the end.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

So with trust unabated and hope undismayed,  
On another year's round we'll embark;  
And who knows—but again we may gather  
When he reaches the century mark.

OUR COUNTRY

Read at a dinner of the Providence Mothers' Club  
April 4, 1918

**W**E hail thee! Our Country! the fairest of lands;  
The country that ever for loyalty stands;  
Whose ideals are built on Democracy's plea  
That makes it a free land for you and for me.  
Our Country! the land of our forefathers' pride;  
The land that they fought for and as valiantly died.

From ocean to ocean, a queen she holds sway;  
She's alive to the problems and tasks of a day  
That stands for progression, whatever its kind;  
She's a peer among nations; and where shall we find  
A country more ready, in all that aspires  
To fulfil for its people just aims and desires?

We're proud of Our Country; her cities and towns;  
Her farm-lands; her hamlets; her meads and her  
downs;  
Her rivers; her valleys that peacefully lie  
'Tween mountains, snow-capped, towering up to the  
sky;  
We're proud of the fact that she gave us our birth;  
She ranks with the noblest and best of the earth.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

A symbol is hers, on whose stripes we may read  
No distinction of color, vocation or creed;  
'Tis an emblem of freedom; of a cause that is just;  
As it waves all triumphant and true to its trust;  
'Tis the flag of Our Country; the Red, White and  
Blue;  
'Tis a symbol no power of earth can subdue.

But alas! for Our Country,—she's mourning to-day  
For her sons "gone across" that most perilous way  
To succor the helpless; to stand by the brave  
Who are fighting so nobly their countries to save  
From a hand that is ruthless; a foe that is strong;  
That makes no distinction 'twixt the right and the  
wrong.

And what of her daughters? Can she ever repay  
The brave sacrifices they're making to-day,  
While with hearts torn with grief for the loved "over  
there,"  
They yet patiently toil, and as willingly share  
In the burden, whatever, wherever it be;  
Even murmuring not, should it lead 'cross the sea?

## POEMS OF OCCASION

Our Country! God bless her! and swift speed the day  
When the mantle of Peace shall this whole earth  
array;

When nations now warring, shall lay down their  
arms,

And forever be freed from a foe's dread alarms;

Then with hearts all exultant, our pledge we'll re-  
new

To the land over which floats the Red, White and  
Blue.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS





A MEMORY OF HAVANA

A PERFECT night; with air so soft, that June  
 Might well have claimed it for her own.  
 How beautiful The Prado—  
 With its careless throng of gaily decked  
 Men and women.  
 Down by The Malecon, the sweetest music  
 Floats out upon the flower-scented air,  
 While above shine the tropical stars.  
 A step—and we are at the sea-wall.  
 How our hearts thrill, as across the harbor,  
 We see old Morro Castle  
 With its grim gray walls bold and rugged  
 Against the evening sky.  
 How we loved its streaming white light;  
 For had it not, when miles away  
 And tossed about upon a stormy sea,  
 Been the first to welcome us  
 To Havana, “The Beautiful?”  
 Stately ships safely anchored in the harbor;  
 Tiny pleasure-boats skimming the waters  
 To the tune of a Spanish melody,—  
 Alike are sentinelled by your steadfast beams;  
 While many a storm-tossed mariner  
 Has found in you a guiding star.  
 You fascinate us,—and we fain would linger,—  
 But the night passes, and we turn our faces  
 Toward the lights of the city.

March 30, 1911.

TO THE MARCH WINDS

**W**ELCOME March winds! with your bluster and  
blow;

We greet you with gladness and song.  
Though many rude pranks on us mortals you play,  
Our discomfort will not be for long.  
So blow March winds—and we'll list with delight  
As you pipe us your merriest lays.  
We hail you to-day as a jolly good friend,  
With your roistering, rollicking ways.

With noisy acclaim, as a troublesome guest,  
You come in your flimsy disguise;  
But be not deceived, we see through your game,  
You're the kindest and wisest of guys.  
For trailing along in your wake, is the pledge  
Of such wonderful, beautiful things;  
The song of the robin—the blossoming flower—  
That the blast of your trumpeting brings.

You bid bold defiance to Winter's stern reign;  
With his ice-pack you bid him begone;  
Then over the hill-tops and valleys, you send  
Good news of a swift-coming morn.  
When Nature, no longer enthralled by his power,  
Will your praises exultantly sing;  
So blow March winds—blow your wildest—who  
cares!

You herald the coming of Spring.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### LOVE'S QUEST

**S**OMEWHERE—you're wondering what day—  
what hour—

You'll cross my pathway,—and I  
Am wondering—watching—and waiting for you;  
Can you tell me the reason why?  
The solution is simple, for do you not know  
Kind fate has decreed that each heart,  
Somewhere—some day—in this wide, wide world—  
Shall find its counterpart?

So sure as the river in innocent glee  
Wanders out to the ocean's embrace;  
So sure as the bird on swift-flying wing  
Finds its mate in limitless space;  
So sure, are you—tending in unconscious quest  
Toward the goal of your heart's desire.  
Nor time—nor space—can barrier place;  
Naught stay love's unquenchable fire.

So in patience I wait,—nor fret, nor repine;  
From the mist of uncertainty free;  
Somewhere—some day—I shall see your face:  
Even now—you are hastening to me.

THE PARISH CHURCHES OF BERMUDA

QUAINT relics of a long-ago!  
Ye bring to mind a wealth of hours;  
When free from care, we recked of nought  
But golden sunshine, birds and flowers.

What days of pleasure, unalloyed—  
While seeking some historic shrine;  
By sea, in nook, or shady lane—  
Where charms of Nature all were thine.

Your old gray walls by loving hands  
Kept free from Time's decay,  
Are monuments to loyal hearts  
That long since passed away.

You call not to the busy throng  
On pleasure and excitement bent;  
But peaceful rest, within your walls—  
Is as a gift from heaven sent.

Your church-yards! shall we e'er forget  
Those gardens of the dead;  
The fragrance sweet of riotous bloom  
O'er crumbling tombstones shed?

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The gay poinsettia, all aflame,  
Vies with the lily fair—  
In offering homage to the dead,  
That long have slumbered there.

No dream of grandeur you inspire—  
Dear churches of a long-ago!  
But memories—sweet as breath of June—  
Gladden our hearts, at thought of you.

COMMON THINGS

THE common things; how prone we are  
To pass them idly by;  
Not with intent, but carelessly;  
The simple things, that lie  
Spread out by Nature's lavish hand,  
Where'er our paths may lead;  
Yet so familiar have they grown,  
We give them little heed.

The tiny flower reveals to us  
The coming of the Spring,  
But if our eyes are closed to it,  
We miss its blossoming;  
And oft, unheard by passer-by  
Plodding his weary way,  
Is the music of the song-bird  
Trilling its evening lay.

We travel far for paintings rare,  
On which to feast the eye;  
Yet scarcely note the gorgeous tints  
That deck the sunset sky.  
The twilight fades—the evening falls—  
Yet all unconscious we  
Of the painting by the Master Hand,  
Our eyes have failed to see.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

With feverish haste we join the throng  
On happiness intent;  
When, maybe, all about us, are  
The seeds of sweet content,  
That if given place within the heart,  
Would chase away the gloom;  
And make of life's waste places  
Gardens of perpetual bloom.

So while we're seeking high and low  
For sights to please the eye,  
Why should we shun the common things  
That close beside us lie?  
A blade of grass—a homely weed—  
The simplest things we see;  
May bring a deal of happiness  
And cheer, to you and me.

THE ROSE AND THE DAISY

A BEAUTIFUL rose in a garden grew,  
And was nurtured with tenderest care;  
Till one day, by a lover 'twas plucked and sent  
As a gift to a lady fair.  
With kisses she bathed its dainty leaves,  
Then watched it day by day,  
And quaffed its sweetness with constant love,  
Till it faded quite away.

Close by the way-side, a daisy grew,  
Unnoticed, unloved and alone,  
Save for the sunshine and dew's caress,  
And the wind's low monotone;  
When one day, the maiden, passing by,  
Tossed her withered rose away;  
Over the hedge it softly fell,  
And close by the daisy lay.

The daisy lived its own short life,  
When it too faded and died;  
Then—the ruthless wind took their petals both  
And scattered them far and wide.  
The unloved and lonely,—the petted, caressed,—  
In death found a like repose;  
And none, but the Father above, could tell—  
Which was the daisy—and which the rose.



THE TWO PATHS

I CANNOT tell—why I—that summer afternoon  
On one thought only bent, and that of walking  
in the wood,  
Should take the other path that led  
Beside the sea;  
For the air was hot and heavy, and the wood  
With its cool shade was wont to hold alluring charms  
for me;  
Yet out into the open,—where the sun's  
Pitiless rays showed naught of mercy  
To any living thing, I wandered;  
Nor even for one moment pondered  
As to why I made the choice.

Fortune—Fate—by whatsoever name 'tis called  
It matters not; yet this I know,—  
That had I chose the wood—and shunned the sea—  
Perhaps, Dear Heart—I never had met thee.

## OLD MEETING-HOUSES OF NEW ENGLAND

**W**E pass them oft, as on our daily rounds we go,—  
 These quaint old meeting-houses of a long ago.  
 But so familiar have they grown,  
 With seeming carelessness, we often fail to give them  
 recognition.  
 Yet, if by untoward accident they vanish from our  
 sight,  
 How keen our sorrow at their passing.

Sometimes well back upon a village green they stand;  
 Small and plain, but homey looking;  
 With spires that silhouetted 'gainst the sky,  
 Their crowning feature is.  
 Adjoining,—a plot of ground, where epitaphs on  
 crumbling stones,  
 The virtues of long departed saints extol;  
 And pines and evergreens o'er precious dust a requiem  
 sing.  
 And sometimes 'mid the busy marts of trade  
 An honored place they hold;  
 Their architecture, symmetry and design,  
 A fitting monument to those who fashioned them.  
 Bathed in the sunshine of many a summer's day;  
 Beaten by storm and wintry blast;  
 Like towers of strength they stand;  
 An inspiration to the pulsing life of the city's multi-  
 tude.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The interior of these old shrines, how charming.  
The appointments of elegance are missing,  
And simplicity marks every detail.  
On entering the hospitable door-way,  
A border-line we seem to cross  
'Twixt the Present and the Past.  
Into one of the old-fashioned pews, with the door securely fastened behind us,  
We settle down, with a feeling of peace and content.  
An atmosphere of antiquity pervades the place,  
And casts its spell upon our senses.  
In the opening exercises we take a part;  
Then—find our thoughts drifting away to scenes that are far remote.  
In vain we strive their truant wanderings to control,  
For Fancy refuses to be coerced by a decree of the mind,  
And leads us as she wills.  
Through open windows, a glimpse we catch of elm-boughs swaying;  
And through the slats of half closed blinds,  
Stray sunbeams flit, and strange pranks play  
On high-backed pews and whitewashed walls.  
We smile, with those who (in our fancy) close beside us sit.  
Such simple things the mind distracts, and mirth affords,  
Regardless of time, or place, or circumstance.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

Now the front pews we people, with the deacons of  
half a century ago.

In their long-waisted coats and high collars and stocks,  
Stiff and prim they sit; till, as the preacher's  
Thirdly and fourthly is reached,  
Each dozes, and a sleepy acquiescence nods to the  
doctrine being propounded.

Motherly dames in homespun clad;  
Rosy-cheeked girls who sidelong glances cast  
At bashful farmer-boys the aisles across;  
Not one is missing from the accustomed place.  
In the high pulpit with its winding stair-way,  
Stands the old patriarch, with solemn yet benignant  
air.

For fifty years he has ministered to his little flock;  
Baptized their offspring; buried their dead.  
Now the rustle of a silken gown we hear;  
And with feverish eagerness, a little closer to the  
aisle we edge,

Lest a glimpse of the sweet-faced bride we miss.  
At the altar we see her kneel; we hear the words of  
the marriage ceremony.

Again the rustle of the silken gown—and she is gone;  
And we fall to wondering how many such have  
passed

In and out of the ancient door-way.

When lo! the benediction is being pronounced;  
We rise and join in the singing of the doxology;

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The spell is broken—and we realize  
That with two congregations we have worshipped  
to-day;  
One yet in the body,—the other, that long years ago  
passed on.

Dear old meeting-houses of New England!  
A precious legacy from our loved and honored an-  
cestors,  
Who “builded better than they knew.”

THE HOUR BETWEEN

THE distant hills lie cold and gray in darkening  
light.

A silhouette, 'gainst sunset's fading glow,  
The interlace of branch and twig—how beautiful.  
In yonder church-yard, snow-wreaths lie, laid  
Lovingly by snows of yester-night, on tombstone,  
mound and monument.

How still!—no sound save the wind as in weird  
Unrest it wails on its weary way.  
How chill the air!—the winter's day is drawing to  
its close.

'Tis the hour between—the daylight and the dark.

Fresh logs upon the dying embers throw.  
My easy-chair—ah! now—'tis cozy thus to sit  
And watch the crackling blaze.  
How it leaps and dances—as childhood, in  
Exuberance of youth, voices its joy in wild expres-  
sions of delight.

Now—in softer tones it croons and sings;  
While Fancy revels in the melodies of years long past.  
And yet how cruel are its attributes;  
For see!—how stealthily, greedily, its victims it en-  
folds;

And showing naught of pity or concern,  
In manner swift, consigns them to their fate.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Its fury spent—now lazily it curls its wraith-like  
arms,

Yet loses not its hold, until at last,—the  
Charred and helpless logs a mass of glowing embers  
fall.

Bravely they face the final dissolution,—  
And with each sudden gust of wind,  
Heroic effort make, in last expiring breath.

I love this quiet hour—but ah—how short its stay.  
Turn on the lights—my books await my coming.

MY VISITOR

A VISITOR came to my heart one day;  
So fair and winning was she,  
That when for admittance she softly knocked,  
I welcomed her royally;  
And said "I trust that you'll tarry here,  
For a strange delight you bring."

From a barren waste—my heart became  
A garden of flowers rare;  
Of singing birds and sun-lit skies;  
Of freedom from worry and care.  
And my world is a world of sweet content  
Since my visitor came to me.

Ah Love! what potent power hast thou  
Thy joys to thus impart;  
Abide with me—nor ever stray  
From the shelter of my heart;  
For should'st thou leave—how could I bear  
To walk apart from thee!



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### A SONNET

**W**HEN garish day gives place to twilight hour,  
And kindly Nature, ever mindful of my plea,  
Her peace and quiet gladly shares with me,  
'Tis then—that Fancy, with her magic power,  
Endues me with a princely dower.  
Leads me to her portal—bids me see  
A land from toil and discontent set free,  
And redolent with love's unfolding flower.  
When, suddenly—with naught that savors of adieu,  
The gate is closed:—And I, who for a little space,  
Such ecstasy of living knew,  
'Though all unwillingly—my weary steps retrace;  
And, with the beauteous vision lost to view,  
Again—life's toilsome tasks and burdens face.

WITH THE ODOR OF A FLOWER

**W**ITH the odor of a flower  
There ever comes to me,  
As link, 'twixt past and present days,  
Some precious memory.

The lilac's subtle fragrance  
My mother's garden brings;  
And with the scent of jasmine,  
A lullaby she sings.

With roses, California's clime;  
Skies of cerulean blue;  
Old Missions, grim and gray with age,  
And blossoms of every hue.

A shining beach—A rolling surf—  
Winds laden with perfume;  
Strains of music 'neath waving palms,  
Come with an orange-bloom.

And with the sweet arbutus,  
(Carolina's gift to me,)  
Comes an echo of old plantation-songs  
Pulsing with melody.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

With the perfume of a lily—  
Bermuda's gardens fair.  
A flash of red—and a Cardinal-bird  
Wings its way through the scented air.

The quaint old-fashioned garden  
Of a poet's life-long home;  
Comes with the spicy odor  
Of a late chrysanthemum.

With fragrance rare—of blooms that drip  
All wet from fountain-spray,  
Comes an evening in Havana,  
On the Prado's moon-lit way.

Ah! the odor of a flower  
Is ever sweet to me;  
But sweetest—when it brings to mind  
Some precious memory.

APART

**W**E walk together—he and I,—  
Yet far apart as far can be;  
His eyes are closed—his ears untuned—  
To what I daily hear and see.  
The Book of Nature, holds for him  
No treasures rich with mystic lore;  
The sunlit paths I daily tread,—  
To him are as a barren shore.

The rose—to him—is but a rose;  
Its fragrance lost on summer air;  
Could I a sweeter draught inhale,  
As I behold its beauty rare?  
To gorgeous tints of sunset sky—  
My heart responds with pure delight;  
I marvel—that to him—they're but  
A presage of the coming night.

And yet, perhaps, when this life passed,  
We've gained a more celestial sphere;  
Untrammelled by the mortal things  
That so enthrall and hinder here,  
His senses, all untrained below,  
To beauties that I hear and see,  
May suddenly respond—and know  
The greater joy and ecstasy.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### AN OLD CEMETERY

Grace Church, Providence, R. I.

THERE'S an old cemetery through which I often  
pass;

More oft in Summer,—sometimes in Winter, when  
the day is fine.

'Tis like—and yet so very unlike other cemeteries  
that I know.

Not—far removed from city's din and bustling life,  
Where naught but song of birds and footsteps light,  
Its sense of stillness and its solitude relieve;  
But bounded 'tis, by thoroughfares, where teeming  
life is found;

And throngs of people pass it day by day.

Enclosed by picket-fence, that somewhat rural as-  
pect gives,

And spanned its entrance, by an arch, whose top a  
lantern of ancient type adorns.

Some cemeteries are as gardens fair, in beautiful,  
sequestered places.

The one of which I write, is plain, old-fashioned, well  
kept, and of a goodly size.

With trees 'tis well supplied, but lays no claim to  
Beauty other than that which Nature has bestowed  
upon it.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

In landscape gardening it has no part;  
And yet, such pretty things I've seen there growing.  
Yellow daisies, whose golden hue a splash of color  
gave 'mid grasses waving;  
While close by the fence, the tiger-lilies bloom; and  
violets sweet; and buttercups.  
And once, upon a lowly mound, a single spike of  
hollyhocks I saw;  
Stately and tall, like sentinel on guard, its crimson  
Blossoms challenged attention from each passer by.  
Again, when late November's chill was in the air,  
I saw a tiny rose-bush full of blooms  
Whose subtle fragrance, mingled with the smell of  
late chrysanthemums,  
(Great bushes of them close at hand)  
Gave little hint of Winter's dread approach.

My kin—my loved—and old-time friends are sleep-  
ing here;  
And such a privilege 'tis, I may, so oft, a tribute pay  
unto their memory.  
And I have sometimes thought—if so it be, that these,  
our loved,  
Take cognizance of that which interests us day by  
day,  
They may be well content to know they yet have  
place,  
Not—far removed beyond the city's pale,  
But here—amid the old familiar scenes, where in  
Past years their own life's joys and duties centered.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And so—although less beautiful than many of its  
kind;  
Boasting not of artistry in monument or shrine;  
No cause for envy has its tenantry.  
For, folded in the city's close embrace,  
It knows not—loneliness.



THE SONG OF THE WIND

Wind's east!

I know by the chill in the air,  
And the song that the chimney sings;  
A note of sadness,—a wail of despair—  
That a sense of foreboding brings.  
'Tis a lonesome sound,—and I fain  
Would fail to hear its dismal refrain,—  
“Comes rain—comes rain—comes rain.”

Wind's west!

Ah! now there's a different song,  
As down the chimney it sweeps  
With a chorus both loud and strong,  
That time with its melody keeps;  
“Ho! this is the message I bear;  
Away with all worry and care;  
'Tis fair! 'tis fair! 'tis fair!”



TWO POINTS OF VIEW

I STOOD with head uncovered,  
And gazed in silent surprise,  
At the grand old mountains, towering,  
As it seemed, to the very skies.  
And I thought, if I, only a life time,  
Might dwell 'neath their shadow bold,  
It would fill my soul with rapture,  
Give to me joy untold.

And e'en as I thought, a stranger,  
Humming a bit of a song,  
Gave a careless glance at my idols,  
As he sauntered the road along.  
Then, shrugging his shoulders, he murmured,  
"What a terrible bore it must be,  
To live in a country so dreary,—  
With nothing but mountains to see."

THE SHOWER OF THE LEAVES

A Memory Picture of Concord, Mass.

October 17, 1903

**B**ATHED in the sunshine of an Indian summer's  
day,

The old historic town of Concord lay.

Upon its storied highway, famous made

By precious dust long since in yonder church-yard  
laid,

The grand old trees, resplendent in their hues of red  
and gold and brown,

Upon a scene of quiet beauty and content looked  
down;

While the lazy flowing river's depths hard by,  
Reflected azure tints of an almost cloudless sky.

Impelled by hearts attune with Nature's gracious  
mood,

We sauntered on; past village-green that oft had  
wooded

By memories of stirring scenes long past,

Our feet to tread its sacred ground; until, at last,  
Enveloped in a haze of golden light,

We stopped awhile to wonder at the sight:

And marvelled at a Power, that e'er could bring  
Such riot of gorgeous coloring.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Motionless they stood; the oaks in sombre garb; the  
    maples all aflame,  
Save as a passing breeze, so light we scarce could tell  
    from whence it came,  
Caused here and there, a leaf, in aimless way  
(And seeming loath from parent stem to stray)  
To flutter down and join its comrade hosts that in  
    our pathway lay.  
While we, unmindful of the fact that Nature's hand  
A grand finale for the day had planned,  
Our walk renewed; nor noted that across the western  
    sky,  
Low hanging clouds in angry mood were scurrying  
    by.

When, suddenly, a gust of wind that gathered force  
    as on it sped,  
Sent branches tossing to and fro; while overhead  
A shimmering mass of crimson, gold and brown,  
Like snow-flakes beaten by a wintry blast, came  
    whirling down;  
In wild confusion some; and some in ecstasy of glee;  
Now here, now there, and failing their destination to  
    foresee,  
The falling leaves a picture far more beautiful por-  
    trayed,  
Than ever artist's brush to duplicate essayed.

## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

The afternoon was drawing close to night;  
And yet we lingered, loath to leave the beauteous  
sight.

The naked branches wailed their note of discontent,  
As the riotous wind, its fury now well spent,  
Passed on—and left a darkening mass of clouds o'er  
head;

While underneath our feet, a tapestry of rich design  
was spread.

Then came the rain—and we, all unprepared,  
Scarce knew which way our steps to tend, but on we  
fared;

Nor recked of aught that dire discomfort gives,  
For the drenching rain was lost to mind in  
the Shower of the Leaves.

EASTER LILIES

**E**ASTER lilies—tall and stately,  
Fit to grace the garden of a king;  
Lift your heads—and list the story  
That the herald angels sing.

Easter lilies—fair and fragrant,  
Filling the air with your delicate perfume;  
So did Jesus—scatter blessings  
From the manger to the tomb.

Easter lilies—pure and stainless  
As the life and all-abiding love  
Of Him—who risen now triumphant,  
Reigns in majesty above.

THE INEVITABLE

I SAW two crones in a grave-yard stop  
Near some time-worn stones to rest;  
And I, much wishing to hear what they said,  
Halted near—and smiled at the zest  
With which they chattered of this grave and that,  
I tried—but failed every word to hear;  
But this—I caught—as I wandered on,—  
“Dead for many a year.”

And so, thought I, we all shall lie  
(Just where it matters not)  
'Neath crumbling stone; and some old dames  
Will wander near the spot,  
And stooping low to read the name,  
With never a sigh or tear  
Will carelessly, one to the other say,—  
“Dead for many a year.”

## CHICORY

**W**HERE artist hands have fashioned beds of  
 quaint or rare design,  
 And filled with blooms whose pedigree  
 Calls connoisseurs from far and near  
 To view the beauties that in them combine,—  
 Not here we seek you—flowers of blue;  
 Nor yet in banquet halls, where lords and  
 Ladies grand make merry at the feast.  
 From houses made of glass, and sheltered thus from  
 wind and weather,  
 Are borne with gentle hands the beauteous blooms  
 That grace these tables spread, and add their fra-  
 grance to the perfumed air;  
 Not here we find you—flowers of blue.

But, rather, in some quiet nook held fast in sunshine's  
 warm embrace;  
 Where clover-blooms across the way their friendly  
 greetings nod,  
 And birds, in carols sweet, the livelong day your  
 charms discourse.  
 And yet, more oft, a country road beside;  
 (Ah! what delight to find you thus.)  
 Not courting praise by spendthrift ways as butter-  
 cups and daisies do;  
 But modestly, and shy of mien; not grudging space  
 to neighbor blooms; but with a glory  
 All your own—dear patch of blue.



## HOMEY POEMS AND OTHERS

The lily's dignity and grace finds not in you its  
counterpart;  
And round your petals, lingers not the perfume of  
carnation's breath;  
But envy not the charms possessed by these of high  
degree;  
Ye, too, have charms that cheer and bless, though all  
unheralded;  
Save as passing breezes tell in gossip with the bee;  
Or, maybe friendly chat with blue-eyed violets.

The children of the country-side e'er find in you a  
friend,  
As lavishly and unrestrained your blooms at will  
they cull;  
And many a cottage window, with naught to recom-  
mend  
Save the little vase made charming by the gift your  
beauty lends,  
May memories awaken of meadows rich with blue—  
long years ago.  
So scorn to pine for house of glass,  
Or beds of quaint design,  
But be content to minister to Nature's friends afield;  
Who find in every flower, e'en weed, some  
Attribute to please—and homage give,—dear  
"Watcher of the Road."

Providence, Rhode Island, July, 1918.



DECEMBER

THE roses have faded, and gone all too soon  
Their fragrance, once quaffed from the sweet  
breath of June;  
And the low hanging haze of the late summer-time,  
Has drifted away to a sunnier clime.

The shivering trees toss their heads to and fro,  
As over the hill-tops the north-wind doth blow;  
While scurrying clouds hide the light of the sun,  
And all Nature tells us, your reign has begun.

Yet—in never a month of all the year round  
Is there greater rejoicing and joy to be found;  
For the gift of the Christ-child was sent from above  
As a proof of the Father's most bountiful love.

And sweet bells are telling with wonderful chime,  
The ever new tale of the glad Christmas-time;  
While Peace—as a mantle—seems flung from above,  
To envelop the earth in a garment of love.

Then welcome December! We hail thee with joy!  
While songs of thanksgiving our tongues shall  
employ;  
Thy days are all radiant and winsome with cheer;  
The gladdest, the sweetest, the best of the year.

MOODS

**T**HROUGH open casement the sunlight streams;  
Filling the room with a golden glow.  
Upon the rugs in bars of yellow light it lies;  
And over statue, bust and ornament, a roseate hue it  
casts.

The bindings of my books ne'er looked so beautiful;  
And e'en the old clock's tick seems pulsing with  
melody.

My portraits—with what caressing air they greet my  
upturned gaze!

Secrets, they fain would tell, seem trembling upon  
their lips;

And in their eyes, I see the twinkle of roguery and  
jest.

How rich the coloring of their drapery!

How well it suits their ancestral pose and bearing!

Joy, light and beauty;—I revel in the brightness of  
the morn.

Closed is my casement window; and through

Its latticed panes, flooding the room with

Weird unnaturalness, the moonbeams stray.

Cold and white, on marble bust and ivory-keys they  
gleam;

While ghostly shadows, lurking here and there—  
give air of mystery.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

How loud the old clock's tick!—and what sepulchral  
sound!

Like spectres grim, my portraits, from out their  
gilded frames,

No answering look to my entreating gaze return.

Heavy the air with the perfume from my hyacinths!

And over all, broods silence—deep—profound.

With folded hands, I sit—and dream  
my dreams of yesterdays.

JUST AROUND THE BEND

LIFE'S pathway is not straight and trim  
As garden pathways go;  
But oft is rough and tortuous  
As we who've walked it know.  
And now and then, a bend appears  
That leads we know not where;  
And sets our minds a-wondering  
What we'll encounter there.  
But faith have we—that brooks no doubt,  
(As on our way we tend)  
That the happiness we long have sought  
Waits—just around the bend.

The pauper plods his weary way  
And looks for better things;  
And the millionaire's ne'er satisfied  
With what his fortune brings.  
The young, the old, the sad, the gay,  
Not quite content the way they're led;  
For age counts not,—nor temperament,—  
Upon this path we tread.  
And some there are, whose minds are slow  
This fact to comprehend;  
The wise give little thought to what  
Lies—just around the bend.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Ah! foolish mortals we,—who miss  
The joys so close at hand;  
Life's day by day sweet melodies  
Ne'er strive to understand.  
In restless mood we journey on,  
And strain our eyes to see  
If but a glimpse we may not catch  
Of that which is to be.  
But vain are all our longings—  
For how'er our steps may tend,  
Fate—bids us bide our time—to know  
What's—just around the bend.



















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